



Snow-Boond

A Winter Idyl:



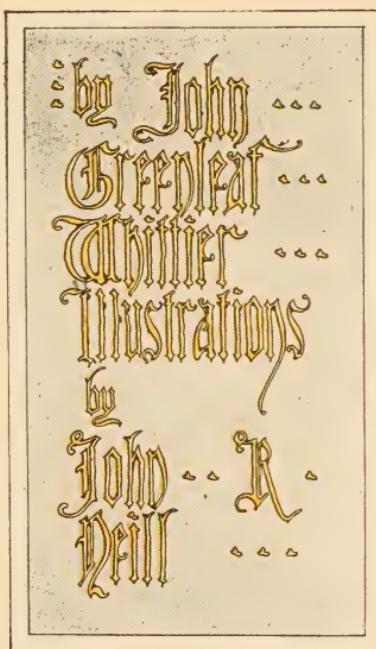
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To the Memory of the
Household it describes :





Snow-Boond



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The Reilly and Britton Company
Chicago

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1909

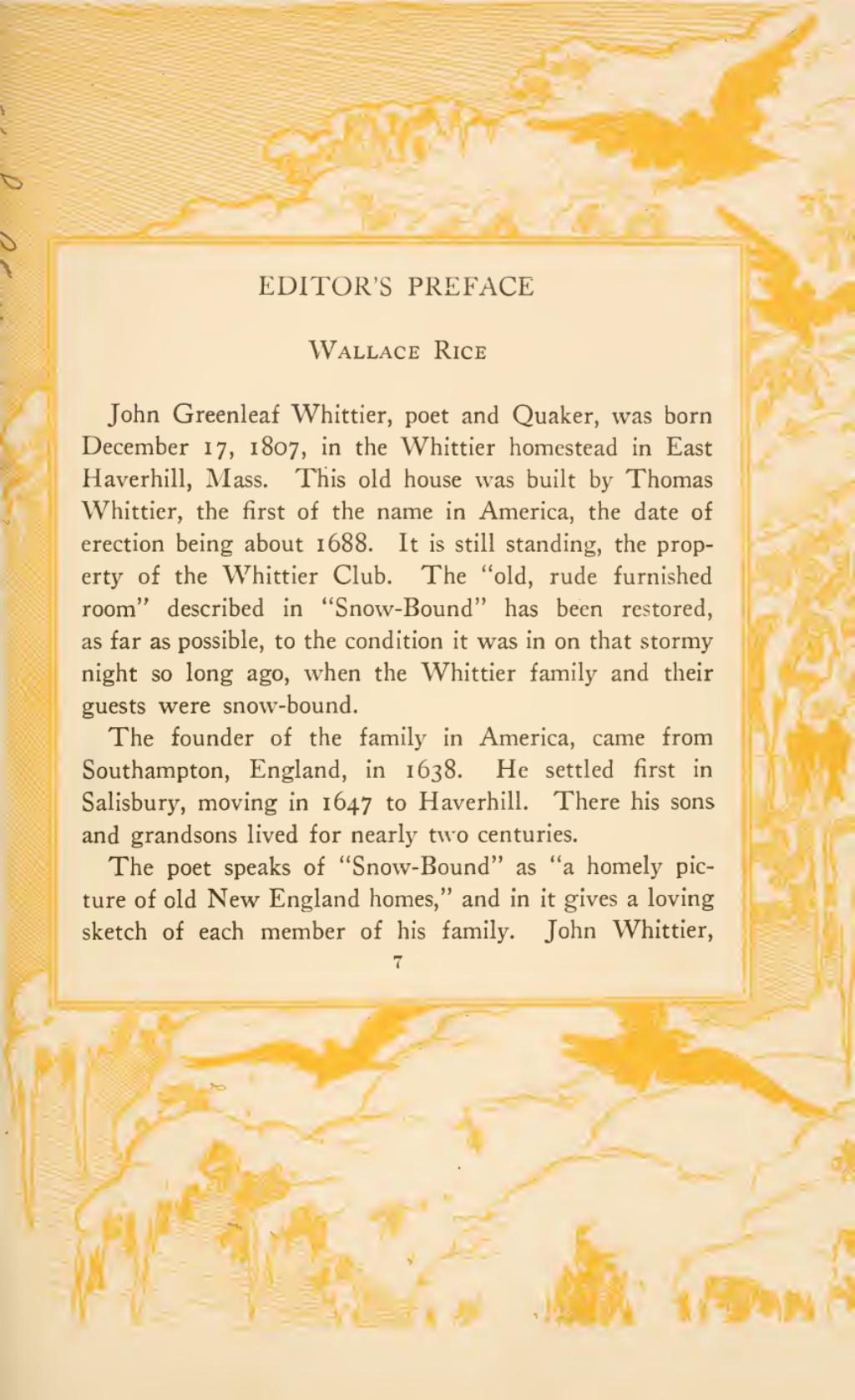
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EDITOR'S PREFACE

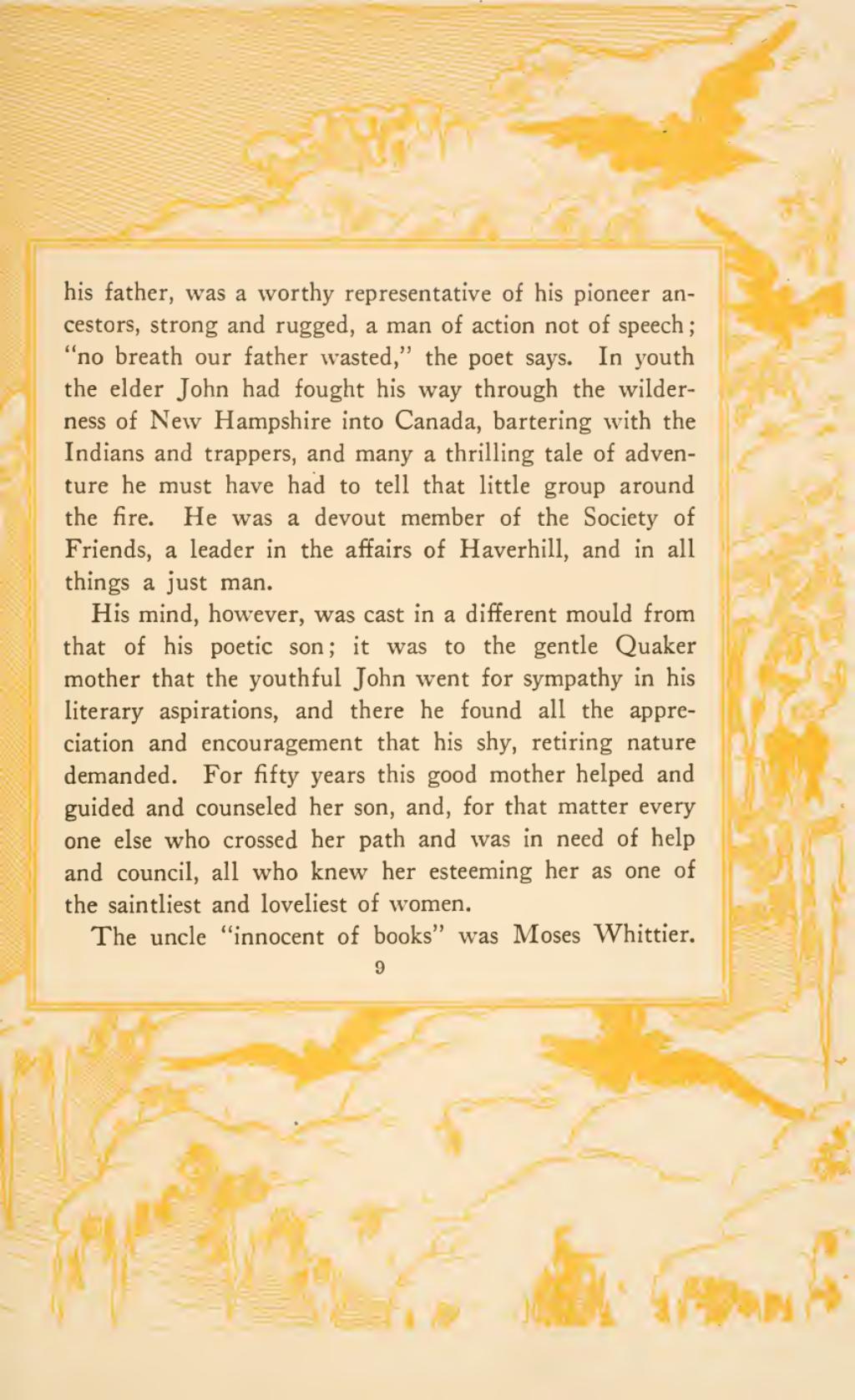
WALLACE RICE

John Greenleaf Whittier, poet and Quaker, was born December 17, 1807, in the Whittier homestead in East Haverhill, Mass. This old house was built by Thomas Whittier, the first of the name in America, the date of erection being about 1688. It is still standing, the property of the Whittier Club. The "old, rude furnished room" described in "Snow-Bound" has been restored, as far as possible, to the condition it was in on that stormy night so long ago, when the Whittier family and their guests were snow-bound.

The founder of the family in America, came from Southampton, England, in 1638. He settled first in Salisbury, moving in 1647 to Haverhill. There his sons and grandsons lived for nearly two centuries.

The poet speaks of "Snow-Bound" as "a homely picture of old New England homes," and in it gives a loving sketch of each member of his family. John Whittier,





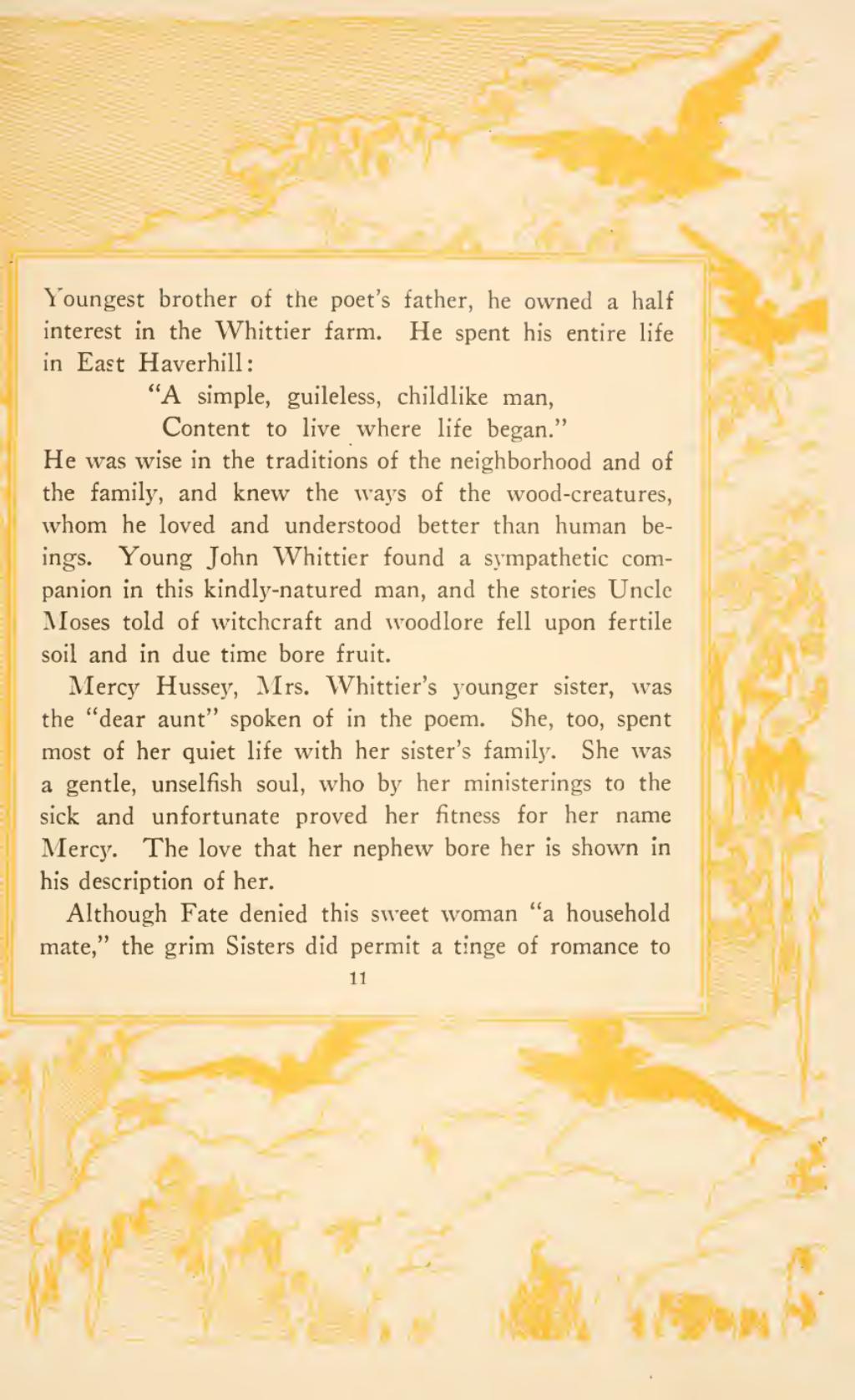
his father, was a worthy representative of his pioneer ancestors, strong and rugged, a man of action not of speech; "no breath our father wasted," the poet says. In youth the elder John had fought his way through the wilderness of New Hampshire into Canada, bartering with the Indians and trappers, and many a thrilling tale of adventure he must have had to tell that little group around the fire. He was a devout member of the Society of Friends, a leader in the affairs of Haverhill, and in all things a just man.

His mind, however, was cast in a different mould from that of his poetic son; it was to the gentle Quaker mother that the youthful John went for sympathy in his literary aspirations, and there he found all the appreciation and encouragement that his shy, retiring nature demanded. For fifty years this good mother helped and guided and counseled her son, and, for that matter every one else who crossed her path and was in need of help and council, all who knew her esteeming her as one of the saintliest and loveliest of women.

The uncle "innocent of books" was Moses Whittier.

Spous-Bound





Youngest brother of the poet's father, he owned a half interest in the Whittier farm. He spent his entire life in East Haverhill:

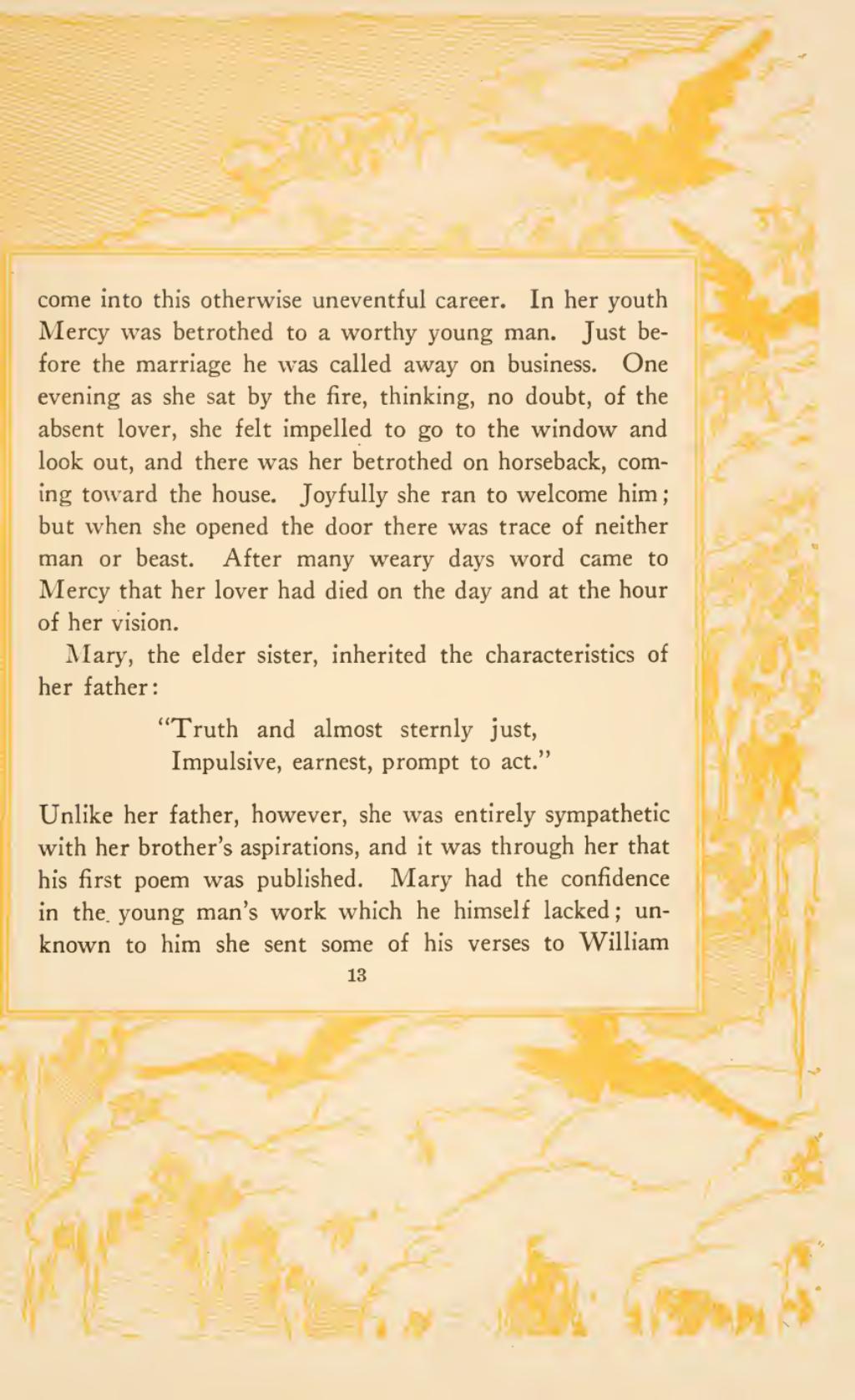
"A simple, guileless, childlike man,
Content to live where life began."

He was wise in the traditions of the neighborhood and of the family, and knew the ways of the wood-creatures, whom he loved and understood better than human beings. Young John Whittier found a sympathetic companion in this kindly-natured man, and the stories Uncle Moses told of witchcraft and woodlore fell upon fertile soil and in due time bore fruit.

Mercy Hussey, Mrs. Whittier's younger sister, was the "dear aunt" spoken of in the poem. She, too, spent most of her quiet life with her sister's family. She was a gentle, unselfish soul, who by her ministerings to the sick and unfortunate proved her fitness for her name Mercy. The love that her nephew bore her is shown in his description of her.

Although Fate denied this sweet woman "a household mate," the grim Sisters did permit a tinge of romance to





come into this otherwise uneventful career. In her youth Mercy was betrothed to a worthy young man. Just before the marriage he was called away on business. One evening as she sat by the fire, thinking, no doubt, of the absent lover, she felt impelled to go to the window and look out, and there was her betrothed on horseback, coming toward the house. Joyfully she ran to welcome him; but when she opened the door there was trace of neither man or beast. After many weary days word came to Mercy that her lover had died on the day and at the hour of her vision.

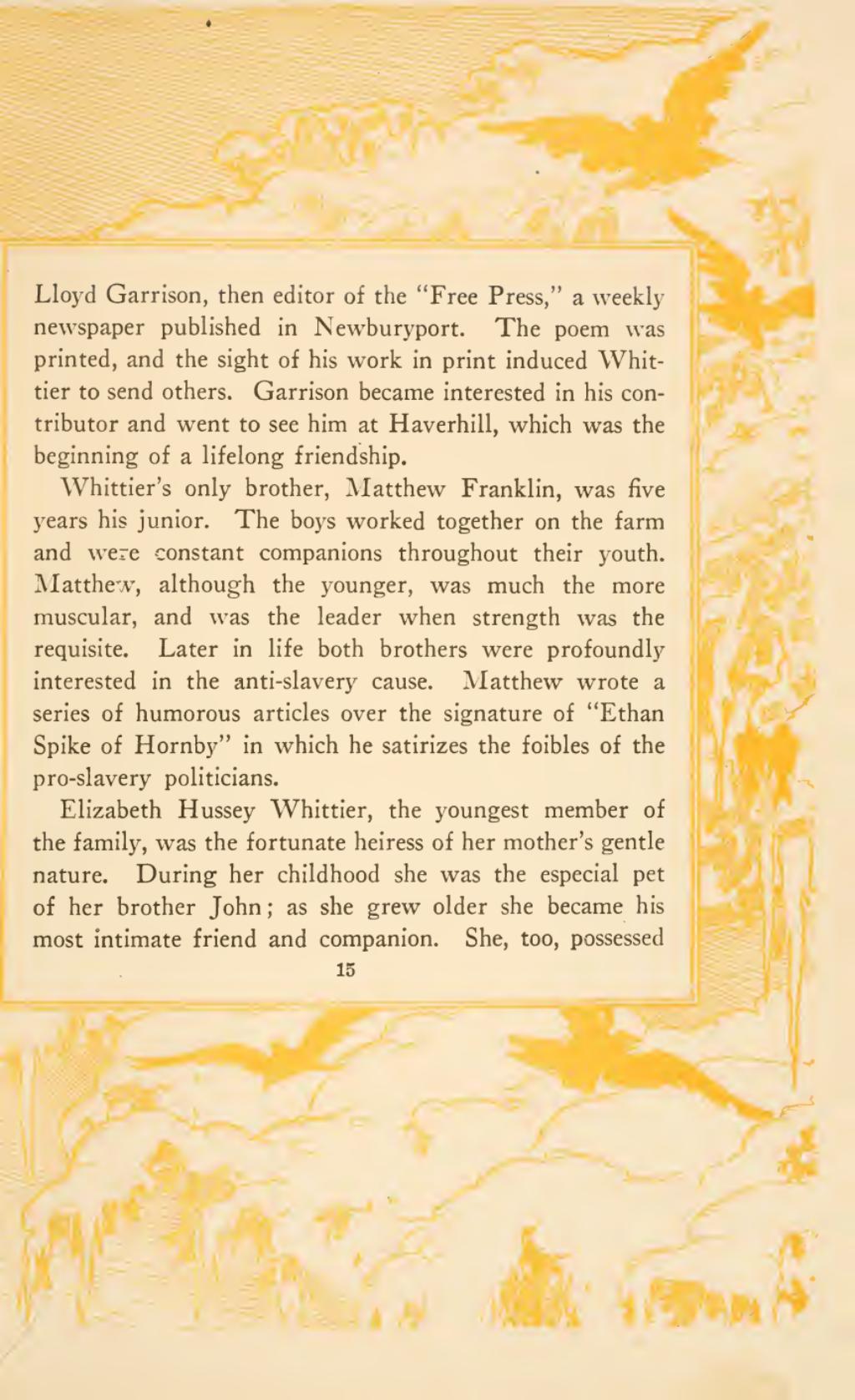
Mary, the elder sister, inherited the characteristics of her father:

"Truth and almost sternly just,
Impulsive, earnest, prompt to act."

Unlike her father, however, she was entirely sympathetic with her brother's aspirations, and it was through her that his first poem was published. Mary had the confidence in the young man's work which he himself lacked; unknown to him she sent some of his verses to William

Shout-Hound





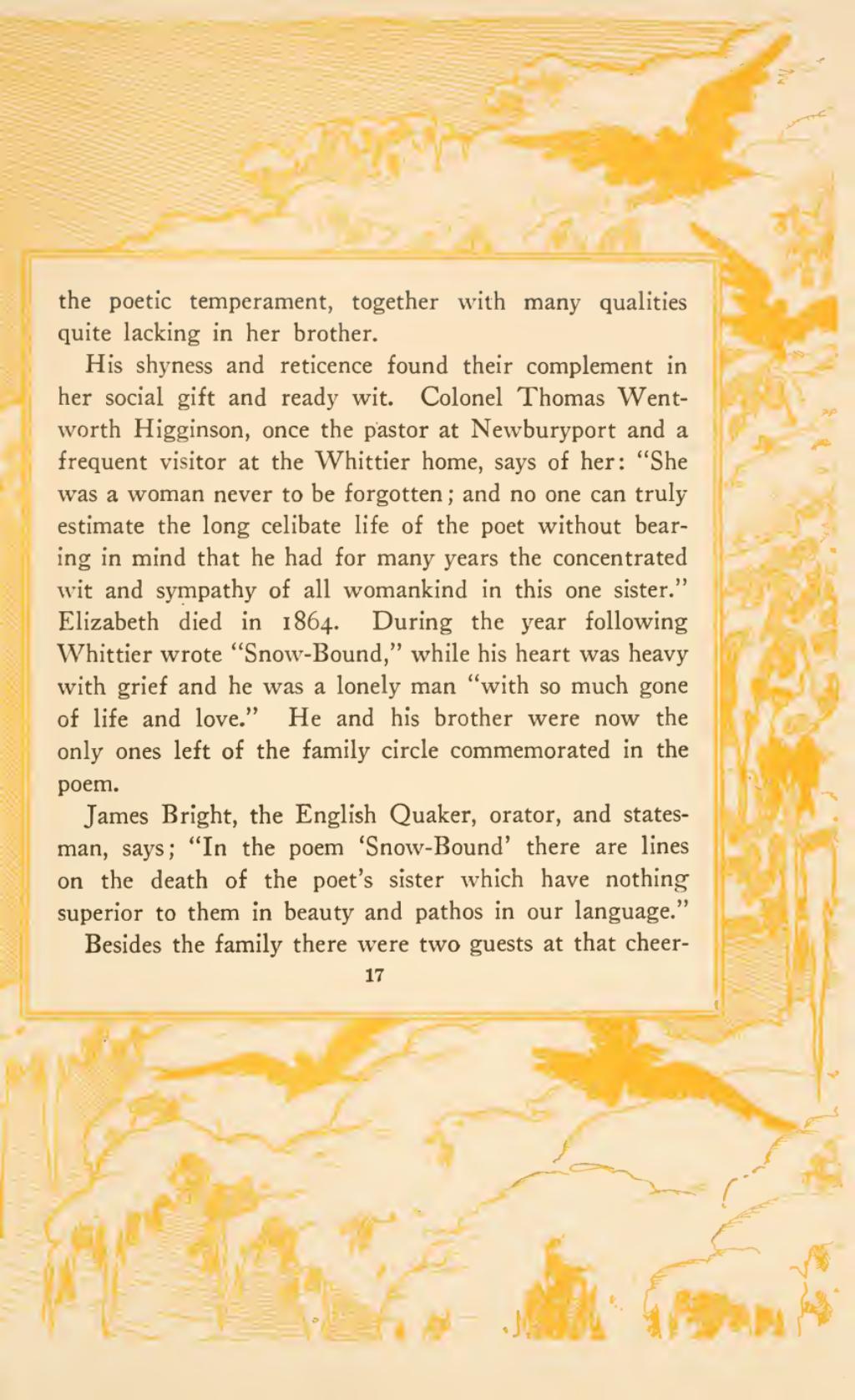
Lloyd Garrison, then editor of the "Free Press," a weekly newspaper published in Newburyport. The poem was printed, and the sight of his work in print induced Whittier to send others. Garrison became interested in his contributor and went to see him at Haverhill, which was the beginning of a lifelong friendship.

Whittier's only brother, Matthew Franklin, was five years his junior. The boys worked together on the farm and were constant companions throughout their youth. Matthew, although the younger, was much the more muscular, and was the leader when strength was the requisite. Later in life both brothers were profoundly interested in the anti-slavery cause. Matthew wrote a series of humorous articles over the signature of "Ethan Spike of Hornby" in which he satirizes the foibles of the pro-slavery politicians.

Elizabeth Hussey Whittier, the youngest member of the family, was the fortunate heiress of her mother's gentle nature. During her childhood she was the especial pet of her brother John; as she grew older she became his most intimate friend and companion. She, too, possessed

Spout-Bound





the poetic temperament, together with many qualities quite lacking in her brother.

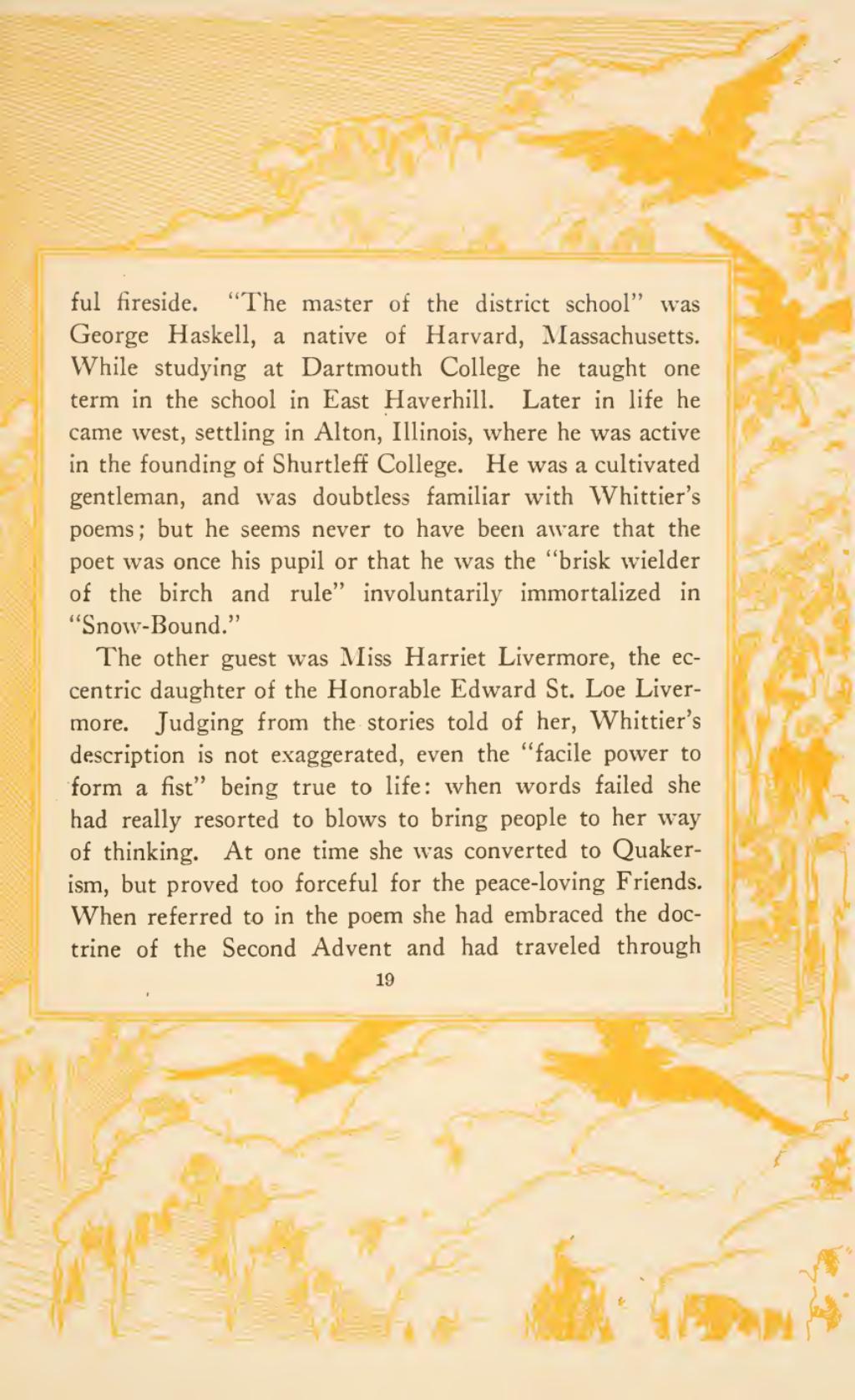
His shyness and reticence found their complement in her social gift and ready wit. Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson, once the pastor at Newburyport and a frequent visitor at the Whittier home, says of her: "She was a woman never to be forgotten; and no one can truly estimate the long celibate life of the poet without bearing in mind that he had for many years the concentrated wit and sympathy of all womankind in this one sister." Elizabeth died in 1864. During the year following Whittier wrote "Snow-Bound," while his heart was heavy with grief and he was a lonely man "with so much gone of life and love." He and his brother were now the only ones left of the family circle commemorated in the poem.

James Bright, the English Quaker, orator, and statesman, says; "In the poem 'Snow-Bound' there are lines on the death of the poet's sister which have nothing superior to them in beauty and pathos in our language."

Besides the family there were two guests at that cheer-

Soul-Hound

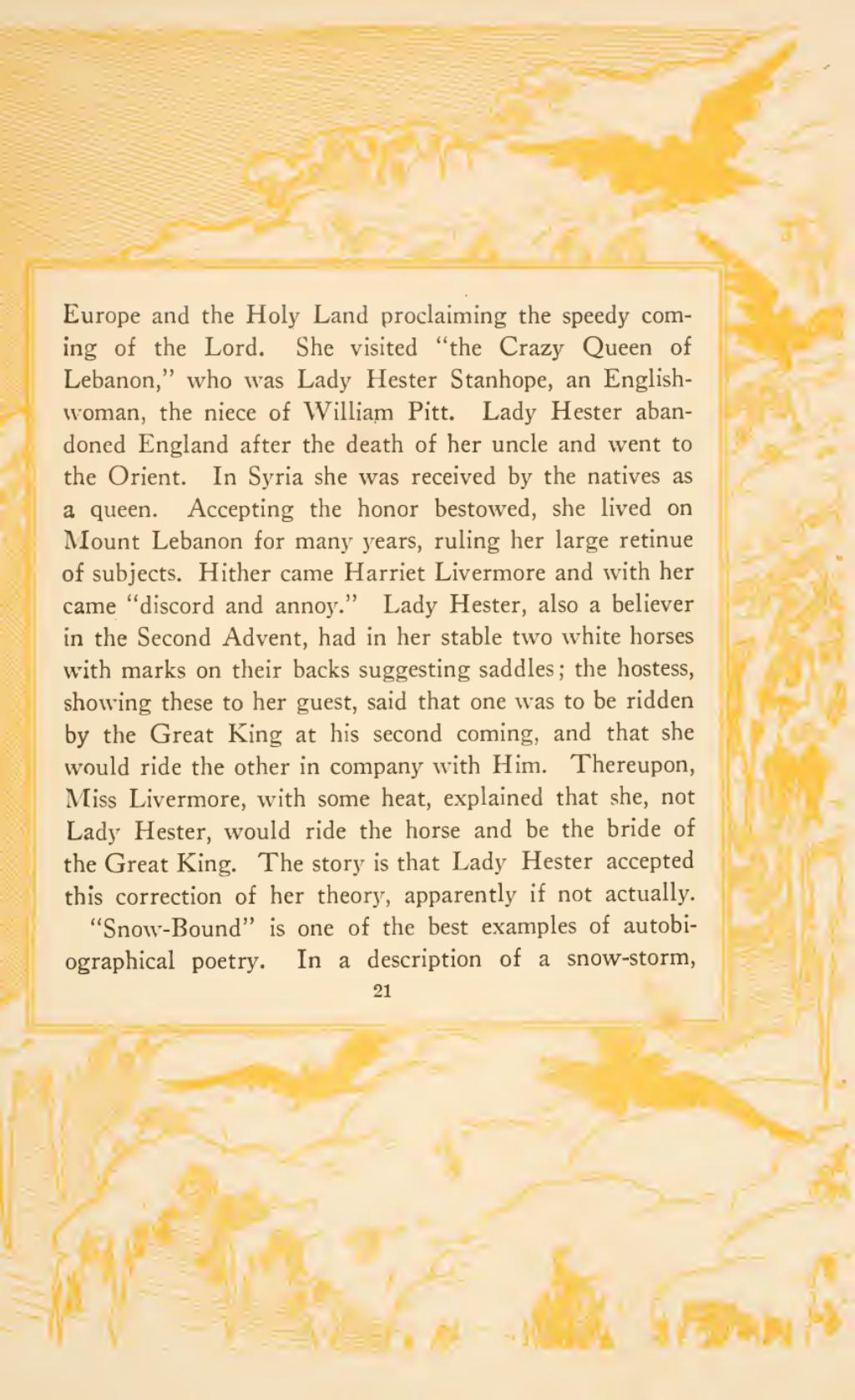




ful fireside. "The master of the district school" was George Haskell, a native of Harvard, Massachusetts. While studying at Dartmouth College he taught one term in the school in East Haverhill. Later in life he came west, settling in Alton, Illinois, where he was active in the founding of Shurtleff College. He was a cultivated gentleman, and was doubtless familiar with Whittier's poems; but he seems never to have been aware that the poet was once his pupil or that he was the "brisk wielder of the birch and rule" involuntarily immortalized in "Snow-Bound."

The other guest was Miss Harriet Livermore, the eccentric daughter of the Honorable Edward St. Loe Livermore. Judging from the stories told of her, Whittier's description is not exaggerated, even the "facile power to form a fist" being true to life: when words failed she had really resorted to blows to bring people to her way of thinking. At one time she was converted to Quakerism, but proved too forceful for the peace-loving Friends. When referred to in the poem she had embraced the doctrine of the Second Advent and had traveled through



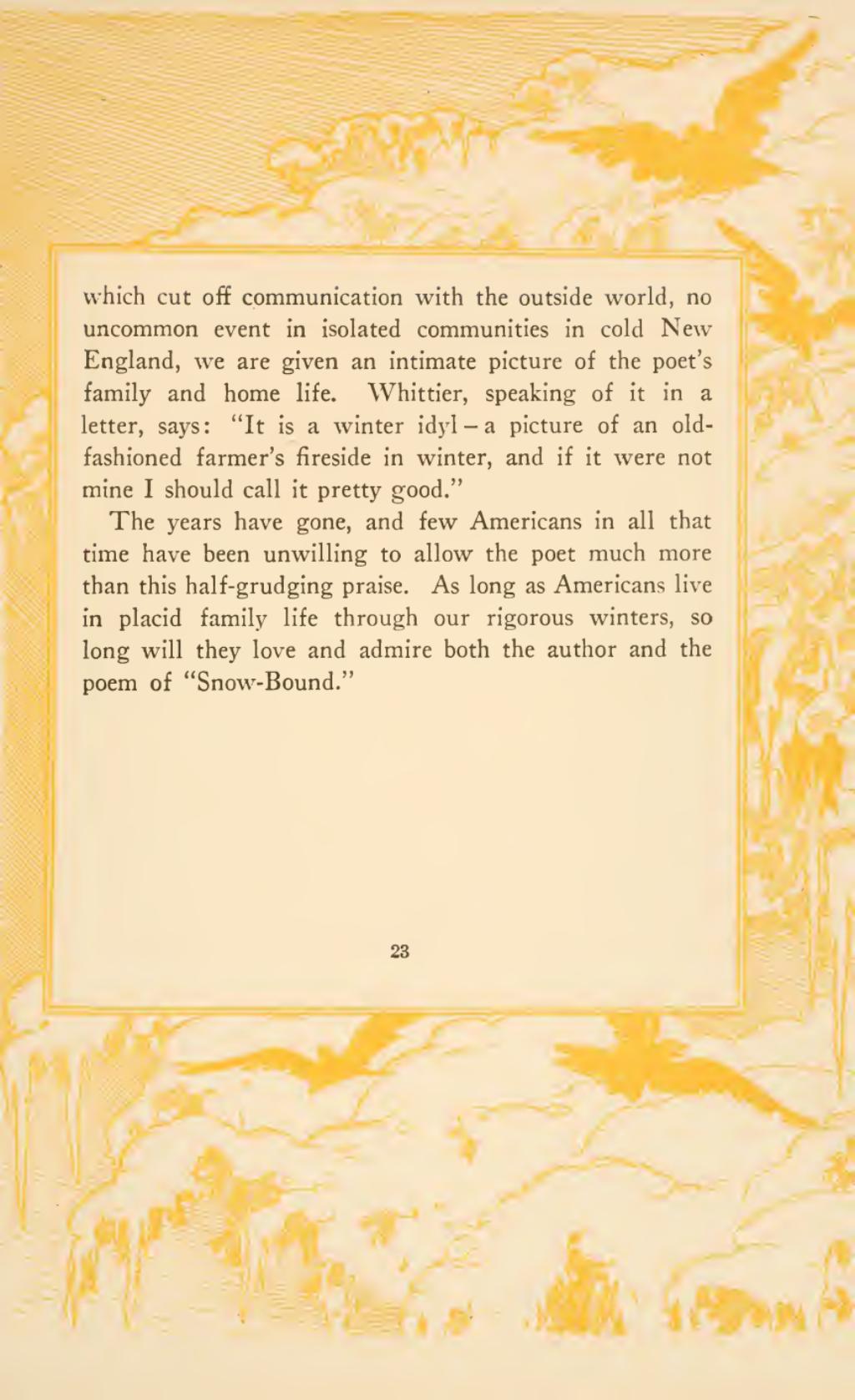


Europe and the Holy Land proclaiming the speedy coming of the Lord. She visited "the Crazy Queen of Lebanon," who was Lady Hester Stanhope, an English-woman, the niece of William Pitt. Lady Hester abandoned England after the death of her uncle and went to the Orient. In Syria she was received by the natives as a queen. Accepting the honor bestowed, she lived on Mount Lebanon for many years, ruling her large retinue of subjects. Hither came Harriet Livermore and with her came "discord and annoy." Lady Hester, also a believer in the Second Advent, had in her stable two white horses with marks on their backs suggesting saddles; the hostess, showing these to her guest, said that one was to be ridden by the Great King at his second coming, and that she would ride the other in company with Him. Thereupon, Miss Livermore, with some heat, explained that she, not Lady Hester, would ride the horse and be the bride of the Great King. The story is that Lady Hester accepted this correction of her theory, apparently if not actually.

"Snow-Bound" is one of the best examples of autobiographical poetry. In a description of a snow-storm,

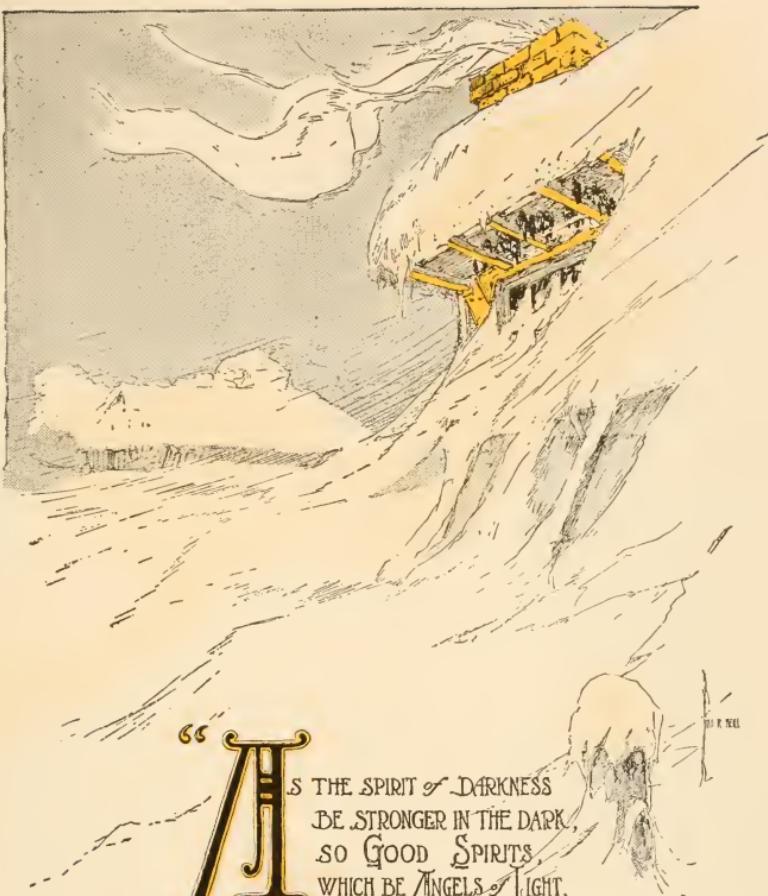
Shout-Hound





which cut off communication with the outside world, no uncommon event in isolated communities in cold New England, we are given an intimate picture of the poet's family and home life. Whittier, speaking of it in a letter, says: "It is a winter idyl—a picture of an old-fashioned farmer's fireside in winter, and if it were not mine I should call it pretty good."

The years have gone, and few Americans in all that time have been unwilling to allow the poet much more than this half-grudging praise. As long as Americans live in placid family life through our rigorous winters, so long will they love and admire both the author and the poem of "Snow-Bound."



“
AS THE SPIRIT OF DARKNESS
BE STRONGER IN THE DARK,
SO GOOD SPIRITS,
WHICH BE ANGELS OF LIGHT,
ARE AUGMENTED NOT ONLY BY
THE DEVINE LIGHT OF THE SUN,
BUT ALSO BY OUR COMMON
WOOD FIRE. : AND AS THE CELES-
TIAL FIRE DRIVES AWAY DARK
SPIRITS, SO ALSO THIS FIRE OF
WOOD DOETH THE SAME.”

COR. FIGRIPPA
Occult Philosophy Book I. Ch. V.

Snow-Bound

“Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,
Arrives the snow; and, driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight; the whitened air
Hides hills and woods, the river and the heaven,
And veils the farm-house at the garden's end.
The sled and traveller stopped, the courier's feet
Delayed, all friends shut out, the house-mates sit
Around the radiant fireplace, inclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.”

EMERSON, *The Snow-Storm.*

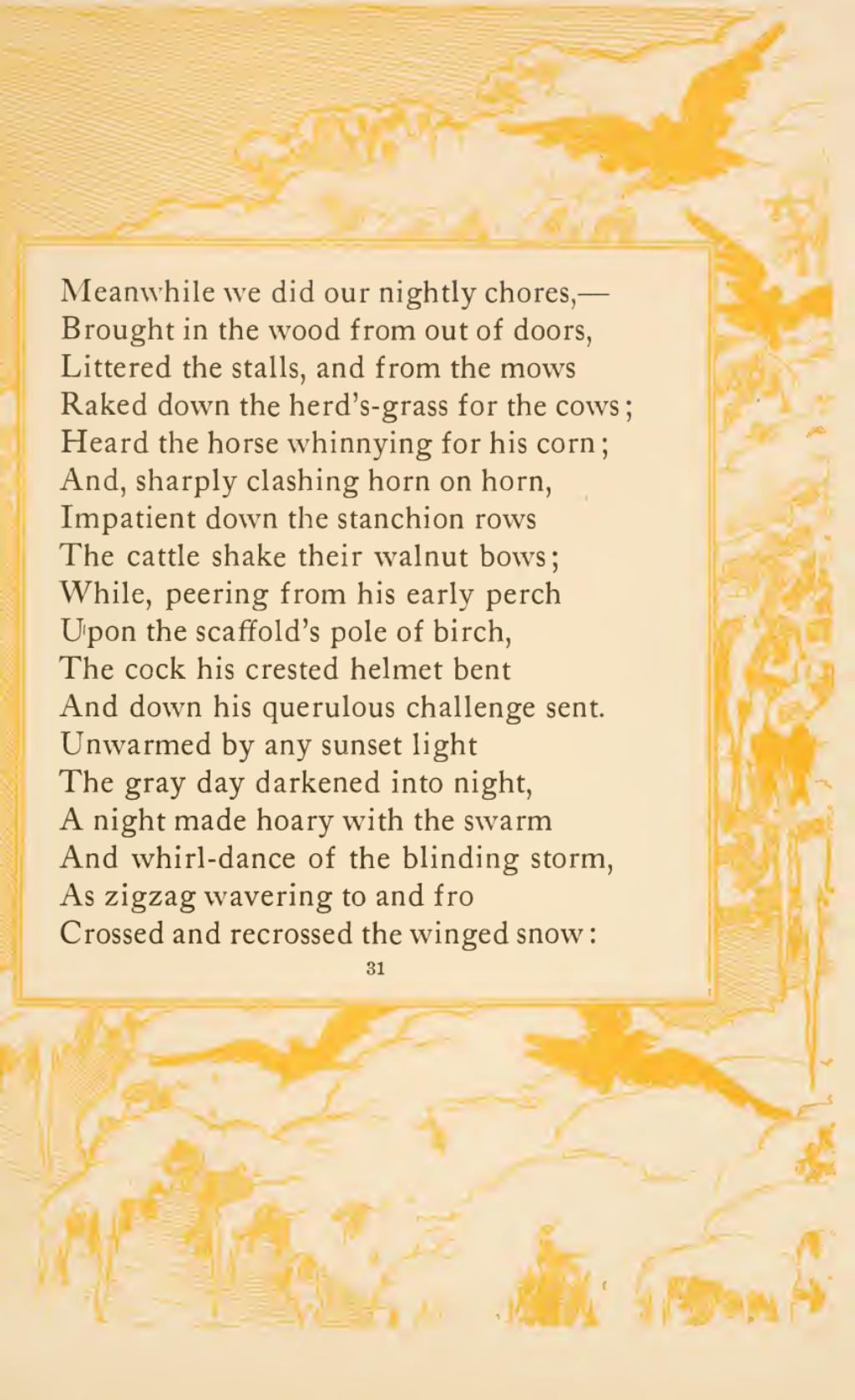
Spout-Hound



The sun that brief December day
Rose cheerless over hills of gray,
And, darkly circled, gave at noon
A sadder light than waning moon.
Slow tracing down the thickening sky
Its mute and ominous prophecy,
A portent seeming less than threat,
It sank from sight before it set.
A chill no coat, however stout,
Of homespun stuff could quite shut out,
A hard, dull bitterness of cold,
That checked, mid-vein, the circling race
Of life-blood in the sharpened face,
The coming of the snow-storm told.
The wind blew east; we heard the roar
Of Ocean on his wintry shore,
And felt the strong pulse throbbing there
Beat with low rhythm our inland air.



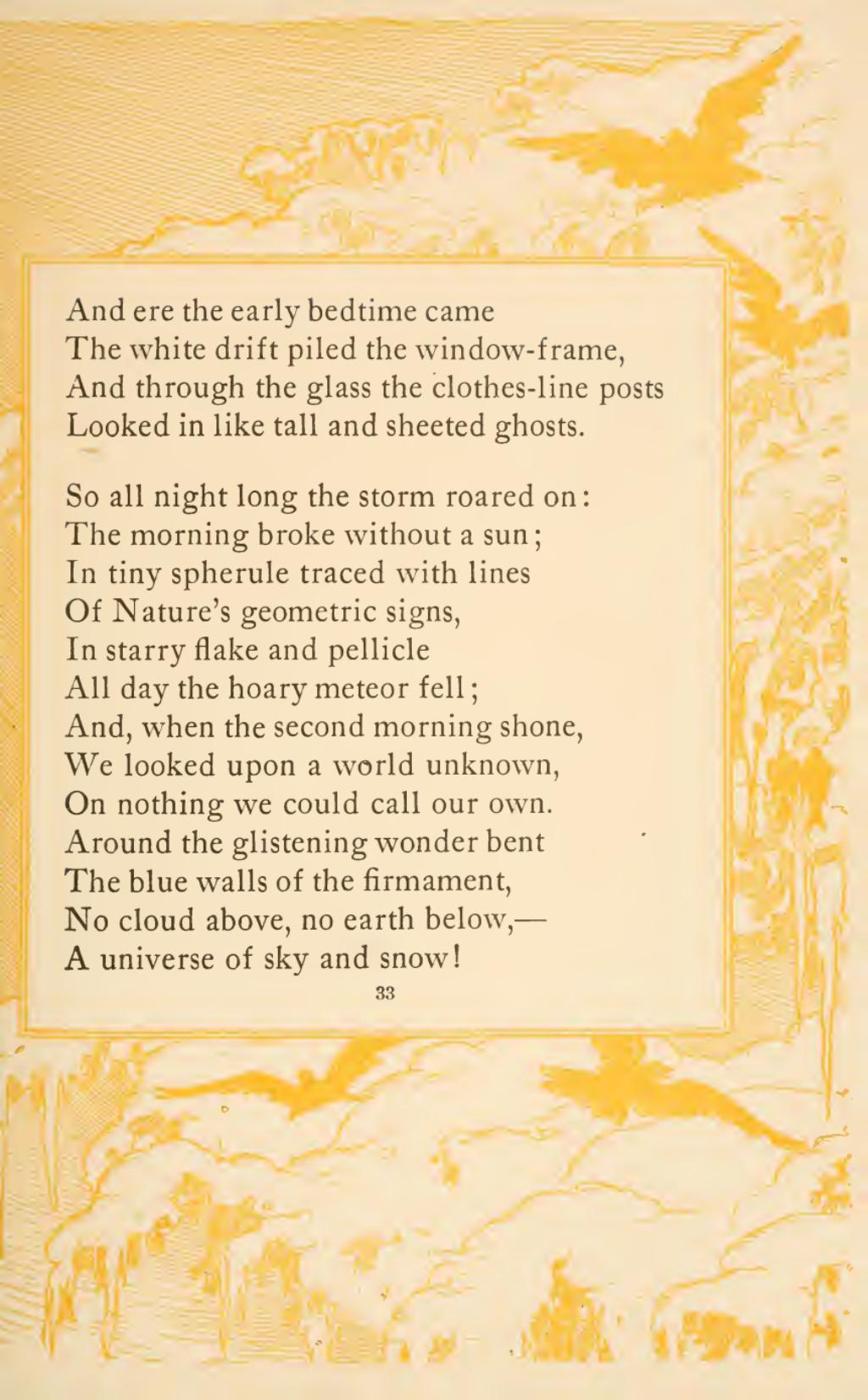
HORNEILL
1915



Meanwhile we did our nightly chores,—
Brought in the wood from out of doors,
Littered the stalls, and from the mows
Raked down the herd's-grass for the cows ;
Heard the horse whinnying for his corn ;
And, sharply clashing horn on horn,
Impatient down the stanchion rows
The cattle shake their walnut bows ;
While, peering from his early perch
Upon the scaffold's pole of birch,
The cock his crested helmet bent
And down his querulous challenge sent.
Unwarmed by any sunset light
The gray day darkened into night,
A night made hoary with the swarm
And whirl-dance of the blinding storm,
As zigzag wavering to and fro
Crossed and recrossed the winged snow :

Stout-Hound





And ere the early bedtime came
The white drift piled the window-frame,
And through the glass the clothes-line posts
Looked in like tall and sheeted ghosts.

So all night long the storm roared on :
The morning broke without a sun ;
In tiny spherule traced with lines
Of Nature's geometric signs,
In starry flake and pellicle
All day the hoary meteor fell ;
And, when the second morning shone,
We looked upon a world unknown,
On nothing we could call our own.
Around the glistening wonder bent
The blue walls of the firmament,
No cloud above, no earth below,—
A universe of sky and snow !



The old familiar sights of ours
Took marvelous shapes; strange domes and
towers
Rose up where sty or corn-crib stood,
Or garden-wall or belt of wood;
A smooth white mound the brush-pile showed,
A fenceless drift what once was road;
The bridle-post an old man sat
With loose-flung coat and high cocked hat;
The well-curb had a Chinese roof;
And even the long sweep, high aloof,
In its slant splendor, seemed to tell
Of Pisa's leaning miracle.

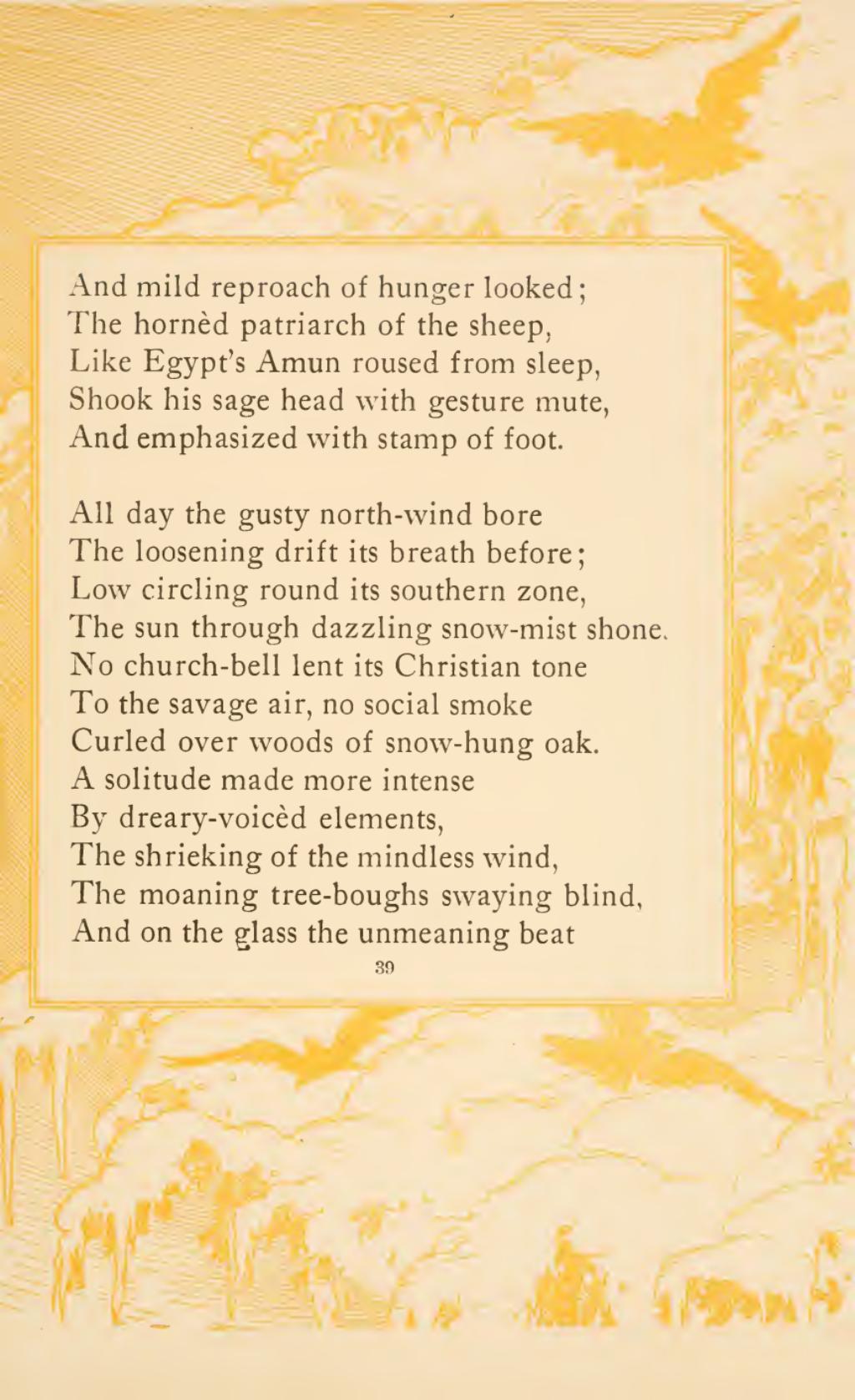
A prompt, decisive man, no breath
Our father wasted: "Boys, a path!"
Well pleased, (for when did farmer boy
Count such a summons less than joy?)



Our buskins on our feet we drew;
With mitten'd hands, and caps drawn low,
To guard our necks and ears from snow,
We cut the solid whiteness through;
And, where the drift was deepest, made
A tunnel walled and overlaid
With dazzling crystal: we had read
Of rare Aladdin's wondrous cave,
And to our own his name we gave,
With many a wish the luck were ours
To test his lamp's supernal powers.
We reached the barn with merry din,
And roused the prisoned brutes within.
The old horse thrust his long head out,
And grave with wonder gazed about;
The cock his lusty greeting said,
And forth his speckled harem led;
The oxen lashed their tails, and hooked,

Snout-Hound

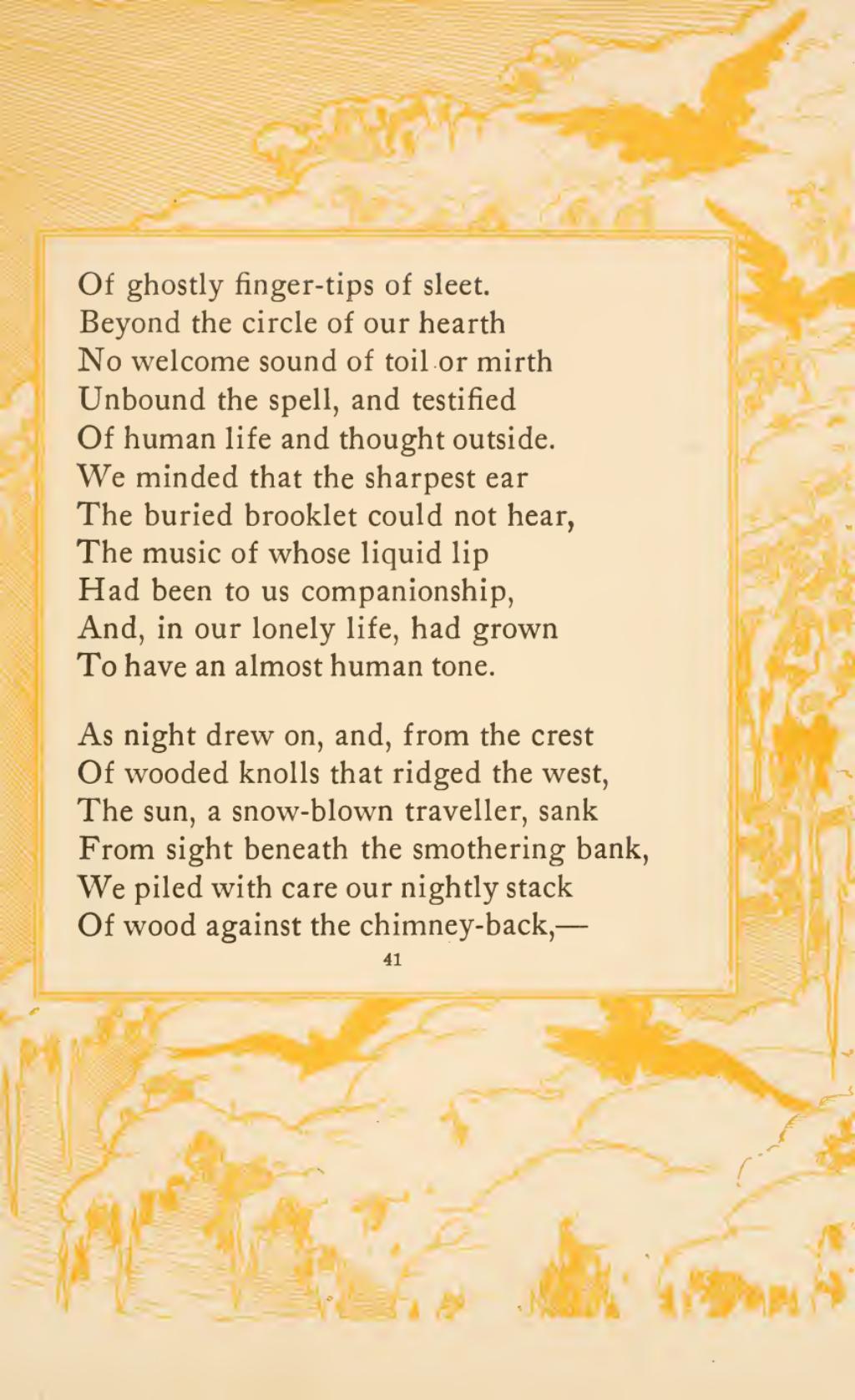




And mild reproach of hunger looked;
The hornèd patriarch of the sheep,
Like Egypt's Amun roused from sleep,
Shook his sage head with gesture mute,
And emphasized with stamp of foot.

All day the gusty north-wind bore
The loosening drift its breath before;
Low circling round its southern zone,
The sun through dazzling snow-mist shone.
No church-bell lent its Christian tone
To the savage air, no social smoke
Curled over woods of snow-hung oak.
A solitude made more intense
By dreary-voicèd elements,
The shrieking of the mindless wind,
The moaning tree-boughs swaying blind,
And on the glass the unmeaning beat





Of ghostly finger-tips of sleet.
Beyond the circle of our hearth
No welcome sound of toil or mirth
Unbound the spell, and testified
Of human life and thought outside.
We minded that the sharpest ear
The buried brooklet could not hear,
The music of whose liquid lip
Had been to us companionship,
And, in our lonely life, had grown
To have an almost human tone.

As night drew on, and, from the crest
Of wooded knolls that ridged the west,
The sun, a snow-blown traveller, sank
From sight beneath the smothering bank,
We piled with care our nightly stack
Of wood against the chimney-back,—



The oaken log, green, huge, and thick,
And on its top the stout back-stick ;
The knotty fore-stick laid apart,
And filled between with curious art
The ragged brush ; then, hovering near,
We watched the first red blaze appear,
Heard the sharp crackle, caught the gleam
On whitewashed wall and sagging beam,
Until the old, rude-furnished room
Burst, flower-like, into rosy bloom ;
While radiant with a mimic flame
Outside the sparkling drift became,
And through the bare-boughed lilac-tree
Our own warm hearth seemed blazing free.
The crane and pendent trammels showed,
The Turk's heads on the andirons glowed ;
While childish fancy, prompt to tell
The meaning of the miracle,



Whispered the old rhyme:

*"Under the tree,
When fire outdoors burns merrily,
There the witches are making tea."*

The moon above the eastern wood
Shone at its full; the hill-range stood
Transfigured in the silver flood,
Its blown snows flashing cold and keen,
Dead white, save where some sharp ravine
Took shadow, or the sombre green
Of hemlocks turned to pitchy black
Against the whiteness of their back.
For such a world and such a night
Most fitting that unwarming light,
Which only seemed where'er it fell
To make the coldness visible.

Shout-Hound



Shut in from all the world without,
We sat the clean-winged hearth about,
Content to let the north-wind roar
In baffled rage at pane and door,
While the red logs before us beat
The frost-line back with tropic heat;
And ever, when a louder blast
Shook beam and rafter as it passed,
The merrier up its roaring draught
The great throat of the chimney laughed,
The house-dog on his paws outspread
Laid to the fire his drowsy head,
The cat's dark silhouette on the wall
A couchant tiger's seemed to fall;
And, for the winter fireside meet,
Between the andirons' straddling feet,
The mug of cider simmered slow,
The apples sputtered in a row,

Shout-Hound



And, close at hand, the basket stood
With nuts from brown October's wood.

What matter how the night behaved?
What matter how the north-wind raved?
Blow high, blow low, not all its snow
Could quench our hearth-fire's ruddy glow.

O Time and Change!—with hair as gray

As was my sire's that winter day,
How strange it seems, with so much gone
Of life and love, to still live on!

Ah, brother! only I and thou
Are left of all that circle now,—
The dear home faces whereupon
That fitful firelight paled and shone.
Henceforward, listen as we will,
The voices of that hearth are still;
Look where we may, the wide earth o'er,



Those lighted faces smile no more.
We tread the paths their feet have worn,
 We sit beneath their orchard trees,
We hear, like them, the hum of bees
And rustle of the bladed corn;
We turn the pages that they read,
 Their written words we linger o'er,
But in the sun they cast no shade,
No voice is heard, no sign is made,
 No step is on the conscious floor!
Yet Love will dream and Faith will trust
(Since He who knows our need is just)
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.
Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress-trees!
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play!



Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That Life is ever Lord of Death,
And Love can never lose its own! >

We sped the time with stories old,
Wrought puzzles out, and riddles told,
Or stammered from our school-book lore
“The chief of Gambia’s golden shore.”
How often since, when all the land
Was clay in Slavery’s shaping hand,
As if a far-blown trumpet stirred
The languorous, sin-sick air, I heard
“*Does not the voice of reason cry,*
Claim the first right which Nature gave,
From the red scourge of bondage fly
Nor deign to live a burdened slave!”
Our father rode again his ride



On Memphremagog's wooded side;
Sat down again to moose and samp
In trapper's hut and Indian camp;
Lived o'er the old idyllic ease
Beneath St. Francois' hemlock trees;
Again for him the moonlight shone
On Norman cap and bodiced zone;
Again he heard the violin play
Which led the village dance away,
And mingled in its merry whirl
The grandam and the laughing girl.
Or, nearer home, our steps he led
Where Salisbury's level marshes spread
 Mile-wide as flies the laden bee;
Where merry mowers, hale and strong,
Swept, scythe on scythe, their swaths along
 The low green prairies of the sea.
We shared the fishing off Boar's Head,



And round the rocky Isles of Shoals
The hake-broil on the driftwood coals ;
The chowder on the sand-beach made,
Dipped by the hungry, steaming hot,
With spoons of clam-shell from the pot.
We heard the tales of withcraft old,
And dream and sign and marvel told
To sleepy listeners as they lay
Stretched idly on the salted hay,
Adrift along the winding shores,
When favoring breezes deigned to blow
The square sail of the gundalow,
And idle lay the useless oars.
Our mother, while she turned her wheel
Or run the new-knit stocking-heel,
Told how the Indian hordes came down
At midnight on Cochecho town,
And how her own great-uncle bore

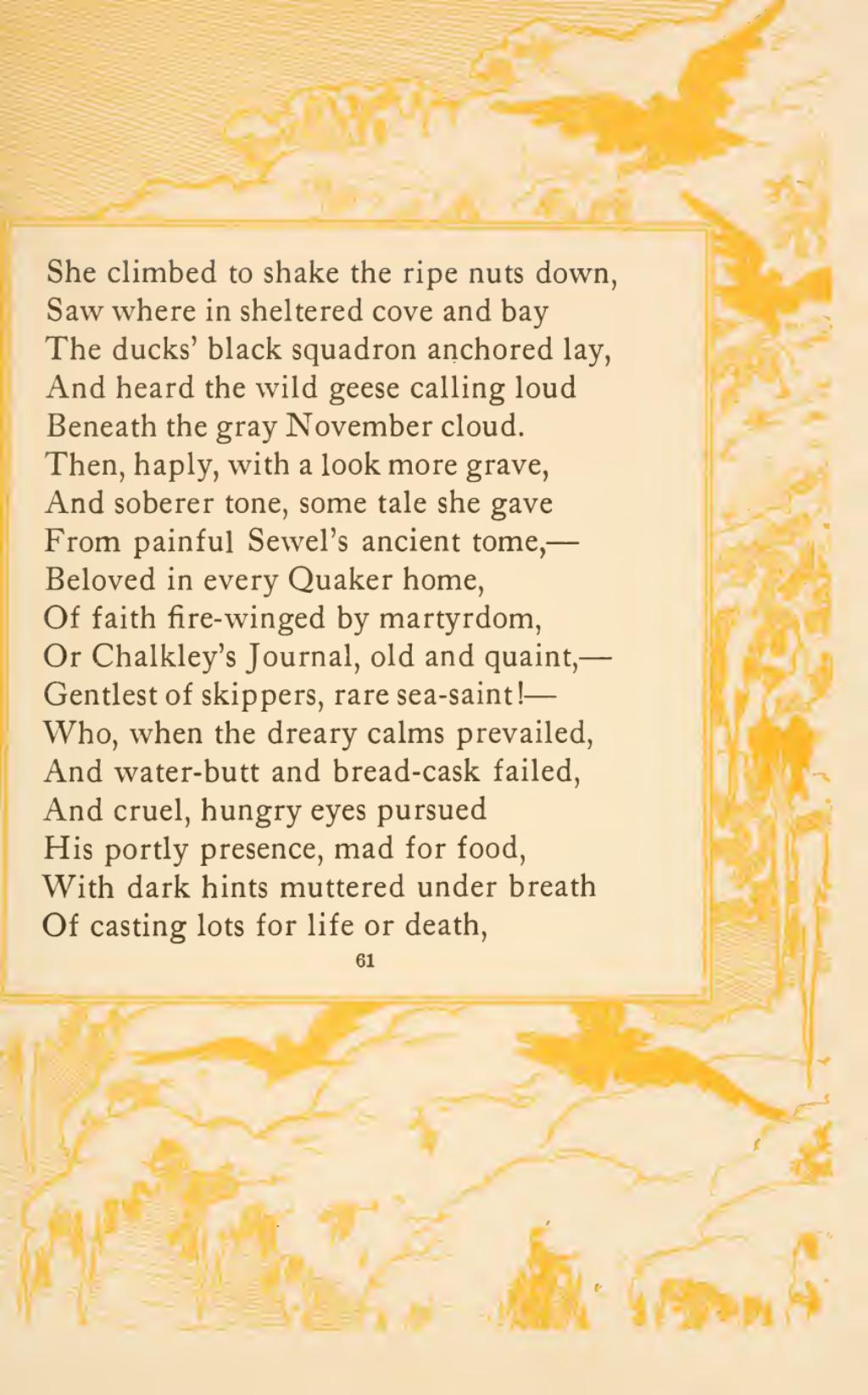


His cruel scalp-mark to fourscore.
Recalling, in her fitting phrase,

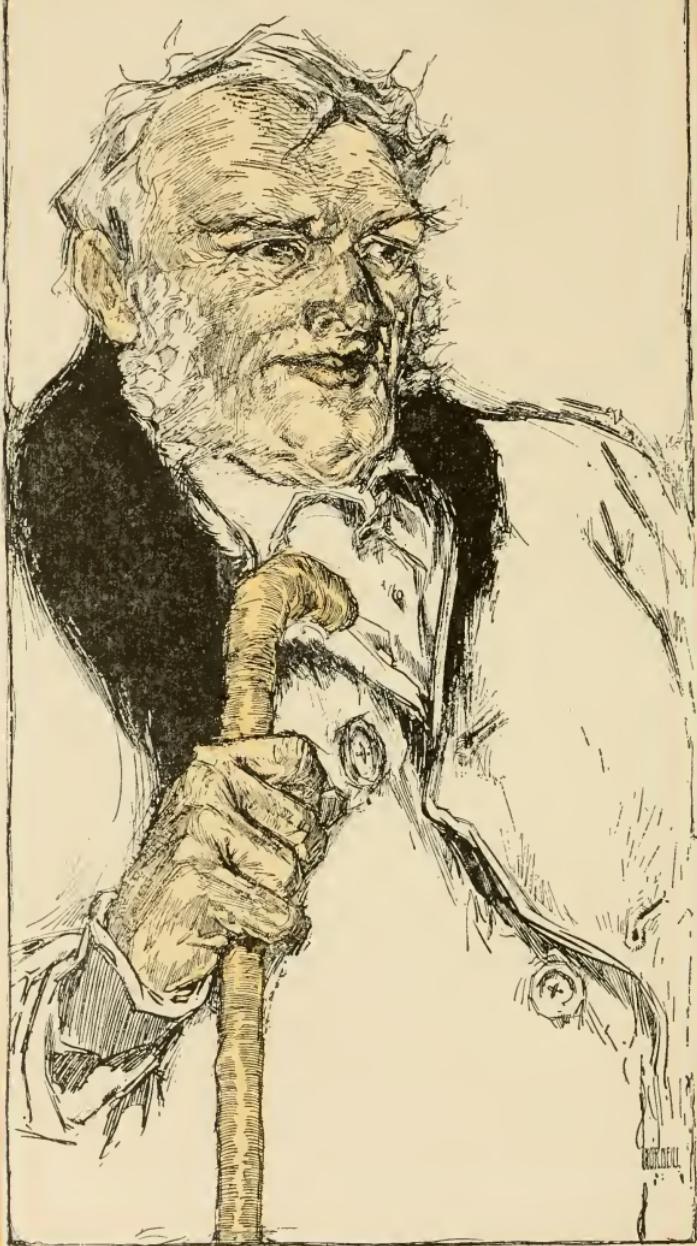
So rich and picturesque and free
(The common unrhymed poetry
Of simple life and country ways),
The story of her early days,—
She made us welcome to her home;
Old hearths grew wide to give us room;
We stole with her a frightened look
At the gray wizard's conjuring-book,
The fame whereof went far and wide
Through all the simple country-side;
We heard the hawks at twilight play,
The boat-horn on Piscataqua,
The loon's weird laughter far away;
We fished her little trout-brook, knew
What flowers in wood and meadow grew,
What sunny hillsides autumn-brown

SNOW-HOUND





She climbed to shake the ripe nuts down,
Saw where in sheltered cove and bay
The ducks' black squadron anchored lay,
And heard the wild geese calling loud
Beneath the gray November cloud.
Then, haply, with a look more grave,
And soberer tone, some tale she gave
From painful Sewel's ancient tome,—
Beloved in every Quaker home,
Of faith fire-winged by martyrdom,
Or Chalkley's Journal, old and quaint,—
Gentlest of skippers, rare sea-saint!—
Who, when the dreary calms prevailed,
And water-butt and bread-cask failed,
And cruel, hungry eyes pursued
His portly presence, mad for food,
With dark hints muttered under breath
Of casting lots for life or death,



Offered, if Heaven withheld supplies,
To be himself the sacrifice.
Then, suddenly, as if to save
The good man from his living grave,
A ripple on the water grew,
A school of porpoise flashed in view.
"Take, eat," he said, "and be content;
These fishes in my stead are sent
By Him who gave the tangled ram
To spare the child of Abraham."

Our uncle, innocent of books,
Was rich in lore of fields and brooks,
The ancient teachers never dumb
Of Nature's unhoused lyceum.
In moons and tides and weather wise,
He read the clouds as prophecies,
And foul or fair could well divine,

Snow-Bound



By many an occult hint and sign,
Holding the cunning-warded keys
To all the woodcraft mysteries;
Himself to Nature's heart so near
That all her voices in his ear
Of beast or bird had meanings clear,
Like Apollonius of old,
Who knew the tales the sparrows told,
Or Hermes, who interpreted
What the sage cranes of Nilus said;
A simple, guileless, childlike man,
Content to live where life began;
Strong only on his native grounds,
The little world of sights and sounds
Whose girdle was the parish bounds,
Whereof his fondly partial pride
The common features magnified,
As Surrey hills to mountains grew

Stout-Hound



In White of Selborne's loving view,—
He told how teal and loon he shot,
And how the eagle's eggs he got,
The feats on pond and river done,
The prodigies of rod and gun;
Till, warming with the tales he told,
Forgotten was the outside cold,
The bitter wind unheeded blew,
From ripening corn the pigeons flew,
The partridge drummed i' the wood, the mink
Went fishing down the river-brink.
In fields with bean or clover gay,
The woodchuck, like a hermit gray,
Peered from the doorway of his cell;
The muskrat plied the mason's trade,
And tier by tier his mud-walls laid;
And from the shagbark overhead
The grizzled squirrel dropped his shell.



Next, the dear aunt, whose smile of cheer
And voice in dreams I see and hear,—
The sweetest woman ever Fate
Perverse denied a household mate,
Who, lonely, homeless, not the less
Found peace in love's unselfishness,
And welcome whereso'er she went,
A calm and gracious element,
Whose presence seemed the sweet income
And womanly atmosphere of home,—
Called up her girlhood memories,
The huskings and the apple-bees,
The sleigh-rides and the summer sails,
Weaving through all the poor details
And homespun warp of circumstance
A golden woof-thread of romance.
For well she kept her genial mood
And simple faith of maidenhood;



Before her still a cloud-land lay,
The mirage loomed across her way;
The morning dew, that dried so soon
With others, glistened at her noon;
Through years of toil and soil and care,
From glossy tress to thin gray hair,
All unprofaned she held apart
The virgin fancies of the heart.
Be shame to him of woman born
Who had for such but thought of scorn.

There, too, our elder sister plied
Her evening task the stand beside;
A full, rich nature, free to trust,
Truthful and almost sternly just,
Impulsive, earnest, prompt to act,
And make her generous thought a fact,
Keeping with many a light disguise

Snout-Hounds



The secret of self-sacrifice.

O heart sore-tried! thou hast the best
That Heaven itself could give thee,—rest,
Rest from all bitter thoughts and things!

How many a poor one's blessing went
With thee beneath the low green tent
Whose curtain never outward swings!

As one who held herself a part
Of all she saw, and let her heart
 Against the household bosom lean,
Upon the motley-braided mat
Our youngest and our dearest sat,
Lifting her large, sweet, asking eyes,
Now bathed within the fadeless green
And holy peace of Paradise.
Oh, looking from some heavenly hill,
 Or from the shade of saintly palms,

Shout-Hound



Or silver reach of river calms,
Do those large eyes behold me still?
With me one little year ago:—
The chill weight of the winter snow
For months upon her grave has lain;
And now, when summer south-winds blow
And brier and harebell bloom again,
I tread the pleasant paths we trod,
I see the violet-sprinkled sod,
Whereon she leaned, too frail and weak
The hillside flowers she loved to seek,
Yet following me where'er I went
With dark eyes full of love's content.
The birds are glad; the brier-rose fills
The air with sweetness; all the hills
Stretch green to June's unclouded sky;
But still I wait with ear and eye
For something gone which should be nigh,



A loss in all familiar things,
In flower that blooms, and bird that sings.
And yet, dear heart! remembering thee,
 Am I not richer than of old?
Safe in thy immortality,
 What change can reach the wealth I hold?
 What chance can mar the pearl and gold
Thy love hath left in trust with me?
And while in life's late afternoon,
 Where cool and long the shadows grow,
I walk to meet the night that soon
 Shall shape and shadow overflow,
I cannot feel that thou art far,
Since near at need the angels are;
And when the sunset gates unbar,
 Shall I not see thee waiting stand,
And, white against the evening star,
 The welcome of thy beckoning hand?



Brisk wielder of the birch and rule,
The master of the district school
Held at the fire his favored place;
Its warm glow lit a laughing face
Fresh-hued and fair, where scarce appeared
The uncertain prophecy of beard.
He teased the mitten-blinded cat,
Played cross-pins on my uncle's hat,
Sang songs, and told us what befalls
In classic Dartmouth's college halls.
Born the wild Northern hills among,
From whence his yeoman father wrung
By patient toil subsistence scant,
Not competence and yet not want,
He early gained the power to pay
His cheerful, self-reliant way;
Could doff at ease his scholar's gown
To peddle wares from town to town;

Soul-Bound



Or through the long vacation's reach
In lonely lowland districts teach,
Where all the droll experience found
At stranger hearths in boarding round,
The moonlit skater's keen delight,
The sleigh-drive through the frosty night,
The rustic party, with its rough
Accompaniment of blind-man's-buff,
And whirling plate, and forfeits paid,
His winter task a pastime made.
Happy the snow-locked homes wherein
He tuned his merry violin,
Or played the athlete in the barn,
Or held the good dame's winding yarn,
Or mirth-provoking versions told
Of classic legends rare and old,
Wherein the scenes of Greece and Rome
Had all the commonplace of home,



And little seemed at best the odds
'Twixt Yankee pedlers and old gods;
Where Pindus-born Arachthus took
The guise of any grist-mill brook,
And dread Olympus at his will
Became a huckleberry hill.

A careless boy that night he seemed;

But at his desk he had the look
And air of one who wisely schemed,
And hostage from the future took
In trainèd thought and lore of book.

Large-brained, clear-eyed,—of such as he
Shall Freedom's young apostles be,
Who, following in War's bloody trail,
Shall every lingering wrong assail;
All chains from limb and spirit strike,
Uplift the black and white alike;
Scatter before their swift advance

Shout-Hound



The darkness and the ignorance,
The pride, the lust, the squalid sloth,
Which nurtured Treason's monstrous growth,
Made murder pastime, and the hell
Of prison-torture possible;
The cruel lie of caste refute,
Old forms remould, and substitute
For Slavery's lash the freeman's will,
For blind routine, wise-handed skill;
A school-house plant on every hill,
Stretching in radiate nerve-lines thence
The quick wires of intelligence;
Till North and South together brought
Shall own the same electric thought,
In peace a common flag salute,
And, side by side in labor's free
And unresentful rivalry,
Harvest the fields wherein they fought.

Shout-Hound



Another guest that winter night
Flashed back from lustrous eyes the light.
Unmarked by time, and yet not young,
The honeyed music of her tongue
And words of meekness scarcely told
A nature passionate and bold,
Strong, self-concentred, spurning guide,
Its milder features dwarfed beside
Her unbent will's majestic pride.
She sat among us, at the best,
A not unfear'd, half-welcome guest,
Rebuking with her cultured phrase
Our homeliness of words and ways.
A certain pard-like, treacherous grace
Swayed the lithe limbs and dropped the lash.
Lent the white teeth their dazzling flash;
And under low brows, black with night,
Rayed out at times a dangerous light;

Shout-Hound



The sharp heat-lightnings of her face
Presaging ill to him whom Fate
Condemned to share her love or hate.
A woman tropical, intense
In thought and act, in soul and sense,
She blended in a like degree
The vixen and the devotee,
Revealing with each freak or feint
The temper of Petruchio's Kate,
The raptures of Siena's saint.
Her tapering hand and rounded wrist
Had facile power to form a fist;
The warm, dark languish of her eyes
Was never safe from wrath's surprise.
Brows saintly calm and lips devout
Knew every change of scowl and pout;
And the sweet voice had notes more high
And shrill for social battle-cry.



Since then what old cathedral town
Has missed her pilgrim staff and gown,
What convent-gate has held its lock
Against the challenge of her knock!
Through Smyrna's plague-hushed thorough-
fares,
Up sea-set Malta's rocky stairs,
Gray olive slopes of hills that hem
Thy tombs and shrines, Jerusalem,
Or startling on her desert throne
The crazy Queen of Lebanon
With claims fantastic as her own,
Her tireless feet have held their way;
And still, unrestful, bowed, and gray,
She watches under Eastern skies,
With hope each day renewed and fresh,
The Lord's quick coming in the flesh,
Whereof she dreams and prophesies!



Where'er her troubled path may be,
The Lord's sweet pity with her go!
The outward wayward life we see,
The hidden springs we may not know.
Nor is it given us to discern
What threads the fatal sisters spun,
Through what ancestral years has run
The sorrow with the woman born,
What forged her cruel chain of moods,
What set her feet in solitudes,
And held the love within her mute,
What mingled madness in the blood,
A lifelong discord and annoy,
Water of tears with oil of joy,
And hid within the folded bud
Perversities of flower and fruit.
It is not ours to separate
The tangled skein of will and fate,

Shoul-Hound

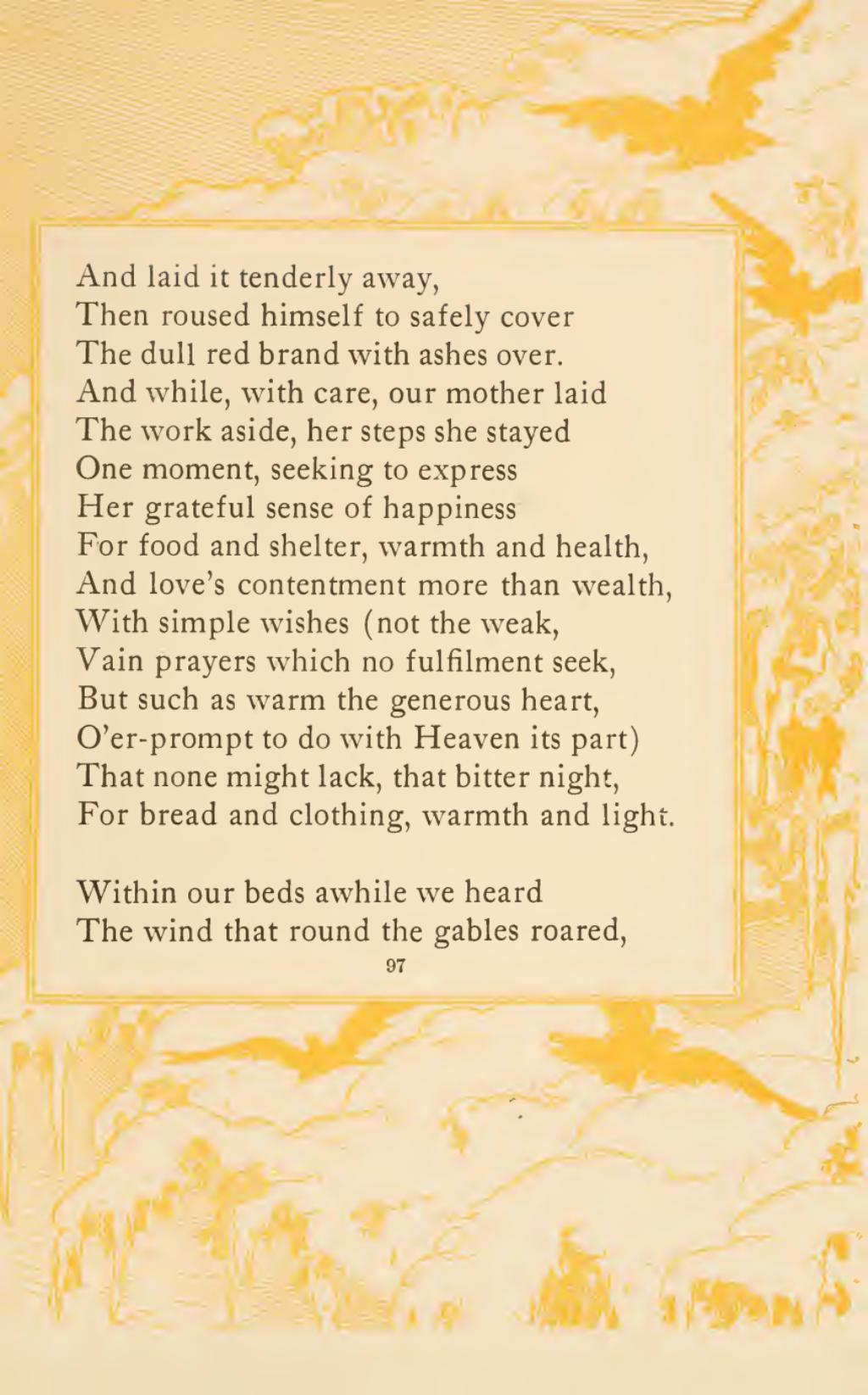


To show what metes and bounds should stand
Upon the soul's debatable land,
And between choice and Providence
Divide the circle of events;

But He who knows our frame is just,
Merciful and compassionate,
And full of sweet assurances
And hope for all the language is,

That He remembereth we are dust!
At last the great logs, crumbling low,
Sent out a dull and duller glow,
The bull's-eye watch that hung in view,
Ticking its weary circuit through,
Pointed with mutely-warning sign
Its black hand to the hour of nine.
That sign the pleasant circle broke:
My uncle ceased his pipe to smoke,
Knocked from its bowl the refuse gray,



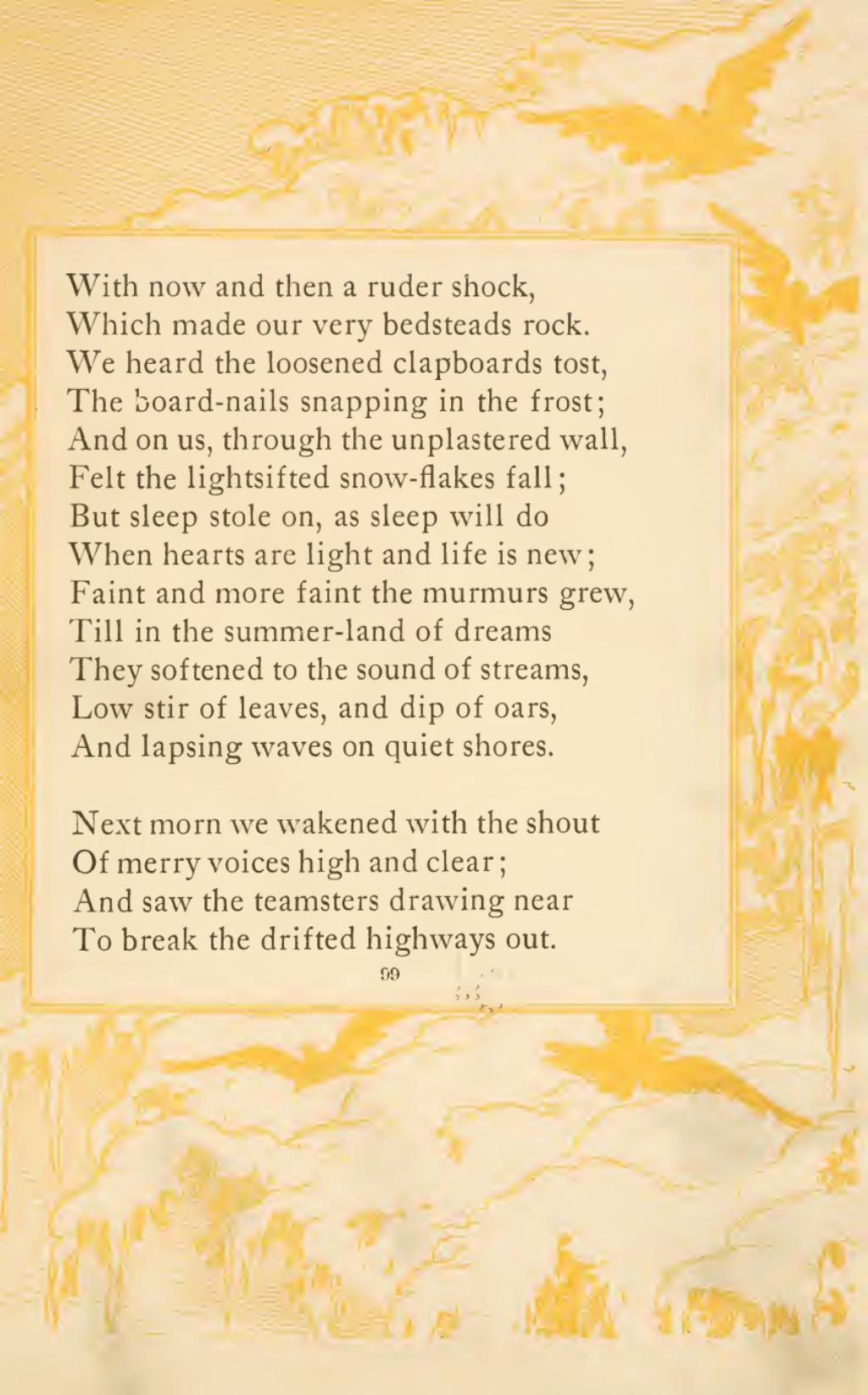


And laid it tenderly away,
Then roused himself to safely cover
The dull red brand with ashes over.
And while, with care, our mother laid
The work aside, her steps she stayed
One moment, seeking to express
Her grateful sense of happiness
For food and shelter, warmth and health,
And love's contentment more than wealth,
With simple wishes (not the weak,
Vain prayers which no fulfilment seek,
But such as warm the generous heart,
O'er-prompt to do with Heaven its part)
That none might lack, that bitter night,
For bread and clothing, warmth and light.

Within our beds awhile we heard
The wind that round the gables roared,

Spous-Hound





With now and then a ruder shock,
Which made our very bedsteads rock.
We heard the loosened clapboards tost,
The board-nails snapping in the frost;
And on us, through the unplastered wall,
Felt the lightsifted snow-flakes fall;
But sleep stole on, as sleep will do
When hearts are light and life is new;
Faint and more faint the murmurs grew,
Till in the summer-land of dreams
They softened to the sound of streams,
Low stir of leaves, and dip of oars,
And lapsing waves on quiet shores.

Next morn we wakened with the shout
Of merry voices high and clear;
And saw the teamsters drawing near
To break the drifted highways out.



Down the long hillside treading slow
We saw the half-buried oxen go,
Shaking the snow from heads uptost,
Their straining nostrils white with frost.
Before our door the straggling train
Drew up, an added team to gain.
The elders threshed their hands a-cold,
Passed, with the cider-mug, their jokes
From lip to lip; the younger folks
Down the loose snow-banks, wrestling, rolled,
Then toiled again the cavalcade
O'er windy hill, through clogged ravine,
And woodland paths that wound between
Low drooping-pine-boughs winter-weighed.
From every barn a team afoot,
At every house a new recruit,
Where, drawn by Nature's subtlest law,
Haply the watchful young men saw



Sweet doorway pictures of the curls
And curious eyes of merry girls,
Lifting their hands in mock defence
Against the snow-balls' compliments,
And reading in each missive tost
The charm which Eden never lost.

We heard once more the sleigh-bells' sound;
And, following where the teamsters led,
The wise old Doctor went his round,
Just pausing at our door to say,
In the brief autocratic way
Of one who, prompt at Duty's call,
Was free to urge her claim on all,
That some poor neighbor sick abed
At night our mother's aid would need.
For, one in generous thought and deed,
What mattered in the sufferer's sight



Skyous-Hounds



The Quaker matron's inward light,
The Doctor's mail of Calvin's creed?
All hearts confess the saints elect
Who, twain in faith, in love agree,
And melt not in an acid sect
The Christian pearl of charity!

So days went on : a week had passed
Since the great world was heard from last.
The Almanac we studied o'er,
Read and reread our little store
Of books and pamphlets, scarce a score ;
One harmless novel, mostly hid
From younger eyes, a book forbid,
And poetry, (or good or bad,
A single book was all we had,)
Where Ellwood's meek, drab-skirted Muse,
A stranger to the heathen Nine,



Sang, with a somewhat nasal whine,
The wars of David and the Jews.
At last the floundering carrier bore
The village paper to our door.
Lo! broadening outward as we read,
To warmer zones the horizon spread;
In panoramic length unrolled
We saw the marvel that it told.
Before us passed the painted Creeks,
And daft McGregor on his raids
In Costa Rica's everglades.
And up Taygetus winding slow
Rode Ypsilanti's Mainote Greeks,
A Turk's head at each saddle bow!
Welcome to us its week-old news,
Its corner for the rustic Muse,
Its monthly gauge of snow and rain
Its record, mingling in a breath



The wedding bell and dirge of death;
Jest, anecdote, and love-lorn tale,
The latest culprit sent to jail;
Its hue and cry of stolen and lost,
Its vendue sales and goods at cost,
And traffic calling loud for gain.
We felt the stir of hall and street,
The pulse of life that round us beat;
The chill embargo of the snow
Was melted in the genial glow;
Wide swung again our ice-locked door,
And all the world was ours once more!

Clasp, Angel of the backward look
And folded wings of ashen gray
And voice of echoes far away,
The brazen covers of thy book;
The weird palimpsest old and vast,



Wherein thou hid'st the spectral past;
Where, closely mingling, pale and glow
The characters of joy and woe;
The monographs of outlived years,
Or smile-illumed or dim with tears,

Green hills of life that slope to death,
And haunts of home, whose vistaed trees
Shade off to mournful cypresses

With the white amaranths underneath.
Even while I look, I can but heed

The restless sands' incessant fall,
Importunate hours that hours succeed,
Each clamorous with its own sharp need,

And duty keeping pace with all.
Shut down and clasp the heavy lids;
I hear again the voice that bids
The dreamer leave his dream midway
For larger hopes and graver fears:



Life greatens in these later years,
The century's aloe flowers to-day!

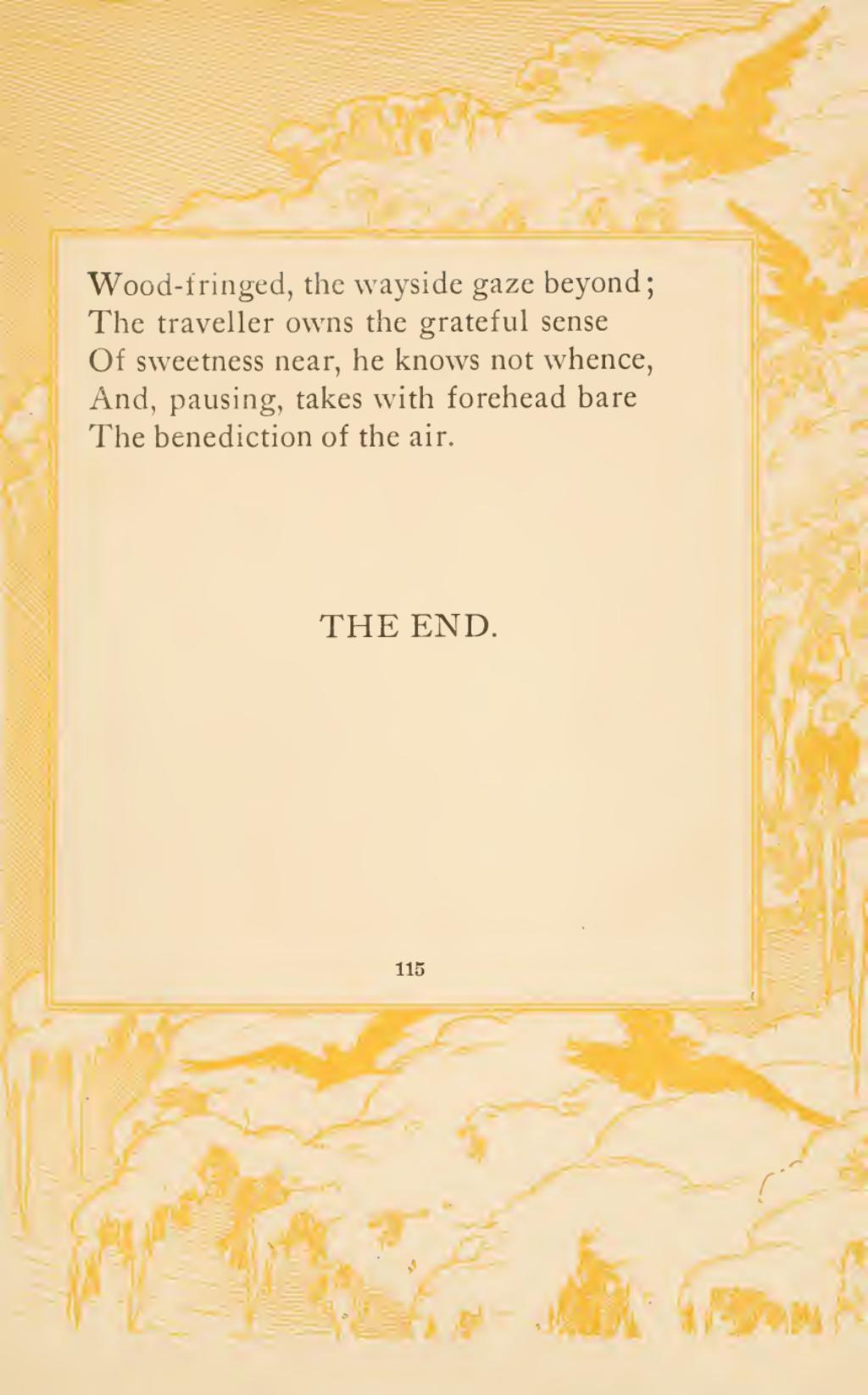
Yet, haply, in some lull of life,
Some Truce of God which breaks its strife,
The worldling's eyes shall gather dew,

Dreaming in throngful city ways
Of winter joys his boyhood knew;
And dear and early friends—the few
Who yet remain—shall pause to view

These Flemish pictures of old days;
Sit with me by the homestead hearth,
And stretch the hands of memory forth

To warm them at the wood-fire's blaze!
And thanks untraced to lips unknown
Shall greet me like the odors blown
From unseen meadows newly mown,
Or lilies floating in some pond,





Wood-fringed, the wayside gaze beyond;
The traveller owns the grateful sense
Of sweetness near, he knows not whence,
And, pausing, takes with forehead bare
The benediction of the air.

THE END.

NOTES

NOTES

WALLACE RICE

Page 35. The Leaning Tower of Pisa, in Italy, is a campanile or bell-tower. The architecture is the best of the southern Romanesque. The walls, thirteen feet through at the base and half as thick at the top, are of white marble. It is, however, not so much the beauty of its architecture that has made it famous, as the fact that the tower is fourteen feet out of the perpendicular. There is no reason to suppose that the architects intended that the tower should be built in this oblique position; it would appear to have been assumed while the work was still in progress.

Page 37. This, one of the most entertaining tales in "The Arabian Nights' Entertainment," is an interpolation from the Persian, not properly in "The Thousand and One Nights."

Page 39. Amun, or Ammon, one of the greatest of the Egyptian deities, is represented as having a ram's head.

The Whittier house stands in an isolated spot. There were no neighbors within half a mile during Whittier's boyhood.

Page 53. The line "The chief of Gambia's golden shore" and the four lines (in italics) beginning "Does not the voice of reason cry" are taken from a poem, "The African Chief," by Sarah Wentworth Morton. This poem was in the "American Preceptor," a school-book in use when Whittier was a boy.

Page 55. Whittier's father made several trips to Canada, before his marriage. He travelled through the wilds of New Hampshire, where there were few white settlers.

Page 57. Whittier's mother's family settled in Somersworth between Dover and Portsmouth, a region much troubled by the Indians.

"Cochecho town" is Dover, New Hampshire.

NOTES

Page 61. William Sewell was a Quaker historian, author of "The History of the Rise, Increase, and Progress, of the Christian People called Quakers."

Thomas Calkley was a Quaker, the son of an English tradesman. He travelled through England and Scotland, preaching, finally coming to Philadelphia in 1700. The incident referred to in the poem is found in his "Journal," an account of his life published in 1747.

Page 63. The story of Isaac's deliverance is in Genesis xxii, 13.

Page 65. Apollonius, a disciple of the Pathagorean philosophy, lived in the first century of the Christian era. He professed a knowledge of the language of birds and beasts.

Hermes Trismegistus—Hermes the thrice-glorified—is the name bestowed by the Greeks upon the Egyptian god Thoth, to whom the priests attributed their writings upon the profounder topics of their religion and on life in general.

Page 67. Gilbert White, a clergyman of the English Church and the first of modern English naturalists, was born at Selborne in 1720. His principal work is the "Natural History of Selborne." Its graceful and attractive style has given it high rank among English classics, its accurate observations equal weight as a book of science.

Page 79. The schoolmaster was George Haskell, a native of Harvard, Massachusetts. See *Introduction*.

Page 81. It was customary for the district schoolteacher to board with the families of his pupils, each family keeping him a stated length of time.

The Arachthus River (now called Arta) rises in the Pindus Mountains in Greece.

Page 83. Olympus was the heaven of the Greek gods, symbolized on earth by Mount Olympus in Thessaly.

Page 87. The other guest was Miss Harriet Livermore. See *Introduction*.

NOTES

Page 89. See Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew," in which Kate bears the title-rôle.

St. Catherine of Siena is the patron of the Dominicans. While still a child she practiced extraordinary mortifications of the flesh. The stigmata of Christ were imprinted upon her.

Page 91. "The crazy Queen of Lebanon" was Lady Hester Stanhope. See *Introduction*.

Page 103. Dr. Weld, of Haverhil, was "the wise old Doctor."

Page 105. One of Whittier's earliest attempts at verse was a rhymed catalogue of his father's books.

Thomas Elwood, an English author and writer of verse, was for some time reader to the blind poet, Milton, and it was at his suggestion that "Paradise Regained" was written. He himself wrote an epic poem in five books called *Davideïs*. It concerns itself with David, King of Israel.

The nine Muses were the daughters of Jupiter and Mnemosyne (Memory). They presided over poetry, music, and the liberal arts and sciences.

Page 107. The Creek Indians exchanged their lands in Georgia and Alabama for lands west of the Mississippi.

Sir Gregor McGregor was a Scotchman, who, in 1821, tried to establish a Scotch colony in Costa Rica. The attempt was a miserable failure.

Taygetus is a mountain range in southern Greece, near the district of Maina. Ypsilanti, the Greek patriot, led these mountaineers in the struggle against the Turks which finally freed Greece from foreign rule.

Page 113. In the Middle Ages private warfare was common. The Church, seeking to lessen the evil, instituted the custom known as the Truce of God, decreeing that from Wednesday night until Monday morning, upon holy days, and during stated holy seasons, all men should be at peace.

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